3 O'CLOCK EDITION.

The World

3 O'CLOCK EDITION.

PRICE ONE CENT. EVENING EDITION. NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1887. EVENING EDITION. PRICE ONE CENT.

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY 356110B ASTOR, LENOX, TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

FRANCE BADLY PERPLEXED.

WITHDRAWAL OF THE RESIGNATION OF THE ROUVIER CABINET.

The Party of the Right Will Not Support Any Republican for the Presidency—Threats of a Revolutionary Demonstration—Extensive Military and Police Precautions Taken by the Government.

[SPECIAL CABLE TO THE WORLD.]

PARIS, Dec. 1—Noon.—The *Official Gazette* publishes the withdrawal of the resignation of the Rouvier Cabinet. The withdrawal was made at the request of President Grevy.

The *Journal des Debats* advocates the election of M. Ferry to the Presidency. The party of the Right has resolved not to support any Republican candidate.

Gen. Ferron, Minister of War in the Rouvier Cabinet, has been appointed a grand officer of the Legion of Honor.

Threats have been made of a revolutionary demonstration in front of the Chamber of Deputies to-day, but they are not regarded as serious.

Extensive military and police precautions have been taken, however, to guard against an outbreak.

An Earthquake in England.

[SPECIAL CABLE TO THE WORLD.]

LONDON, Dec. 1.—A shock of earthquake was felt at Chorley, County of Lancaster, at 7 o'clock this morning. A rumbling noise accompanied the shock, buildings shook and the people left their houses greatly frightened. No serious damage was done.

Editor Sullivan's League Reports.

[SPECIAL CABLE TO THE WORLD.]

DUBLIN, Dec. 1.—Lord Mayor Sullivan has applied for an adjournment till Monday of his second trial for printing reports of meetings of suppressed branches of the League in his paper, the *Nation*. The Crown opposes an adjournment.

Mr. Sheehey, M. P., Arrested.

[SPECIAL CABLE TO THE WORLD.]

DUBLIN, Dec. 1.—Mr. Sheehey, member of Parliament, has been arrested and is now in the Sligo prison. He will be brought before the Court at French Park, County Roscommon, for examination on the 15th inst.

WEIDLER'S MOTHER TESTIFIES.

Trying to Prove That Dr. Duggan's Slayer is Subject to Insane Fits.

The trial of George Weidler, who shot Dr. Edward B. Duggan, a well-known Williamsburg physician on June 24, was continued today in Brooklyn. He was neatly dressed, and looked strong and well. Assistant District-Attorney John U. Sharter conducted the case for the people, and Lawyer Kinsley conducted the defense.

Notwithstanding the extreme cold, there was a large attendance in court, as it was expected that evidence would be brought forward to prove the statement made by Lawyer Kinsley yesterday that Dr. Duggan had attempted to outrage Weidler's wife and that Weidler had been driven insane by it.

Mrs. Teresa Vanderpool, the prisoner's mother, sobbed when called to the witness stand. Her testimony went to show that the prisoner was at times subject to insanity. Her family, she said, were victims to typlomania. When her son had it he was delusional for six months at a time. Five of her family had died of the fever. Dr. Meyer, her brother, had died from disease at Randall's Island.

LATIMER E. JONES BROUGHT BACK.

Arrested Immediately on His Release From Goshen Jail This Morning.

[SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.]

MIDDLETOWN, N. Y., Dec. 1.—Latimer E. Jones, late proprietor of the Orange County Stock Farm, was released from the Goshen jail this morning on an order of County Judge J. G. Wilkin vacating the order of arrest issued by the Supreme Court Judge C. F. Brown. He was at once taken in custody by the officer from the New York District-Attorney's office, and taken to New York to answer to an indictment for forgery.

Latimer E. Jones was brought back to this city to-day by Detective Kernan, of the District-Attorney's office. He is indicted for forgery in half a dozen courts. His parents furnished the information on which Detective Kernan secured his man and Jones's mother qualified on his bail bond.

Dan Driscoll's Wife Gets in at Last.

The wife of Dan Driscoll, the Whyo murderer, was finally admitted to see him in the Tombs this morning. She was denied admission to her condemned husband yesterday, and got the desired permission only after visits to Sheriff Grant and the office of the Commissioner of Charities and Corrections. The meeting between the couple was affecting, more particularly on the side of the wife.

Baden An Expert Professional.

From an examination of the effects of the man Bodin, who was arrested for smuggling a lot of valuable jewelery and diamonds from Paris, it would appear that the man is an expert professional at the business. His effects, including a large trunk and valise, were overhauled in the seizure room at the Barge Office this afternoon, and were found to be full of dutiable goods, although there was nothing of especial value.

Dr. Bradley on the Island.

Dr. Charles H. Bradley, the unfortunate victim of the cocaine habit, was transferred to Blackwell's Island to-day from Bellevue Hospital. He was said to be getting along nicely. Dr. Bradley was charged with obtaining syringes and cocaine from other physicians under false pretences, but was committed as a vagrant.

CONDENSED LOCAL NEWS.

Coroner Michael J. B. Messemer took the oath of office this morning before Chief-Justice David McAdam, of the City Court.

The new police helmets were worn by the patrolmen for the first time to-day. They are much lighter than last winter's hats.

John O'Brien was held at the Tombs to-day on a charge of snatching a $65 overcoat from the arm of Rose Buff, an errand girl, in Park row.

Inspector Williams has decided that there is no ground for proferring charges against any police officer on account of the act of cruelty committed on a drunken man at Billy McGlory's dive.

White Policeman John H. Cass, of the Old Slip squad, was taking an intoxicated man named Lester Burgess, a canal-boat man, to the station, the prisoner turned suddenly and threw him down, fracturing his left ankle.

At a meeting of the Dock Commissioners this morning it was announced that the Commissioners do not consider it expedient to grant the request of certain of their laborers to be paid $3.50 a day for nine hours work. The men are now paid by the hour.

CRASHED INTO HER COUPE.

Mrs. George H. Wooster's Collar-Bone Broken by a Collision with a Broadway Car.

And still another accident resulting from the carelessness or recklessness of a Broadway car driver.

Mrs. George H. Wooster, who makes her home at the Hotel Vendome, was crossing Broadway at Forty-fifth street in her coupé, when the coachman slowed up to allow a truck to pass.

A Broadway car was coming down, the driver apparently oblivious to the fact that anything was in the way until his car was within a few feet of Mrs. Wooster's carriage. Then he swung his horses off the track and began to put on the brake.

The car struck the coupé with such force that Mrs. Wooster was thrown violently to the ground, her collar-bone was broken, and she was injured so severely that she is now confined to her room. The coupé was smashed.

Mr. Wooster proposes to make it hot for the car company, and to that end instructed his lawyer, Mr. W. T. B. Milliken, 165 Broadway, to look up witnesses of the accident.

TRICKING A TRAVELLER.

How Two Drummers With Resources Got a Bed in a Frontier Town.

[*From the Omaha Bee.*]

Nick Slowman always has a good story to tell. A representative of the *Bee* found him at the Millard resting from his labors, and this is the tale he unfolded:

You know Charley W——? Well, Charley and I were snowed-in up on the Broken Bow line last winter. The train just managed to make a little station along about dark, and we tied up there for the night. There was a light load on, but every mother's son and one daughter of them piled out and made for the only hotel in the place. Of course, Charley and I had to help the daughter along, and when we reached the hotel everything was taken. They fixed the daughter up with a cot in the hall, and the urbane clerk offered Charley and I the soft side of a couple of chairs in the office; but, you see, we had been figuring on just such a situation, and we thought we might get some thing better. We didn't swear and try to cut up rusty, but Charley stepped over and set his sample case in a chair near the stove, around which everybody was standing, then we lit our cigars and waited for supper—or developments. In a minute, a little, nervous fellow, who had been spreading his coat tails before the stove, got too warm, and looked for a chair. The one with Charley's sample case in it was nearest, and he plumped down on the case and set off the chair. Well, he hadn't touched it before Charley gave a yell that would have curdled the blood of a Sioux; he jumped over everybody between him and the case, and snatched it away from the little fellow in a minute.

"My Lord! don't touch that," he gasped at the man, as though he had snatched him bodily from the jaws of death. He lovingly set the case at his feet, and while everybody in the room was gawking at him I inquired in my most innocently casual manner:

"How's the nitro-glycerine trade now, Charley?"

"First rate," he answered, carelessly. "You see it's no work to sell our goods. The explosives we handle have one-third more power than those sold by any other house, and we sell our goods at the same figure the other houses do theirs—all I've got to do is show the goods and they sell themselves. I can just take one of these cartridges out somewhere and explode it—a man sees what it will do and the stuff is sold, if he wants anything in that line. It's a little disagreeable in this weather—have to go so far away from everything to show the stuff—not much like boots and shoes, you know."

"I don't see how on earth you dare carry the stuff around," I murmured, glancing at the sample case between Charley's feet.

"Oh, well, a fellow gets used to it," he said with the air of a man who carries his life in his hand. "Not so much danger in cold weather—warmth expands it and then it is more liable to explode—we reached down here and laid his hand on the side next the stove. "Greatest danger is from somebody meddling with it. Our house never had but one accident from a man on the road. A man up in Montana had his samples in a caboose that was run into by another train"—impressive silence for a minute, then he went on in dreamy reminiscent way. "Never had to get out a wrecking gang to clear up that wreck—they had to order out the bridge gang to build a culvert over the hole it made."

Charley shook his head sadly, and the little man who had attempted to move that sample case edged up to the desk. I followed him.

"Come to think of it," he whispered nervously to the clerk, "I won't want that room to-night. I guess I'll stay in the train. I've got some things there I want to watch, you know."

The clerk assured him the trainmen would look after them, but he wouldn't have it that way—nothing would do but he must go himself. I happened up beside them just then, and finding he was bound to leave, took the room in the most innocent way in the world.

The clerk assigned me the room all right, but he kept glaring over at Charley and his case full of infernal machines all the while, and the little man started for the door.

He said he didn't think he could wait for supper—it was so close in there it made him sick, and he'd have to get some air, he said. The clerk tried to detain him, but he didn't have time to talk—he bolted for the door and floundered off through the drifts.

When Charley and I came from supper we could see war all around. The guests were drawn up in battle array on the side of the office and the clerk headed them. He pulled his moustache a minute to get his courage up, then he flew at Charley.

"Sir, your room can have this room here, but you can't stay in this house with that——thing a minute longer, sir," he said.

Charley glanced down at the anathemized sample-case.

"What's the matter with that?" he asked, and, picking it up, he carried it to the desk, lifted it as high as he could and let it drop before the horrified clerk could interfere.

There wasn't any explosion, and when Charley opened the case there was nothing more deadly displayed than a fine line of tea and coffee samples—but we had our bed that night.

A Novel Substitute for Morphine.

[*From the Rochester Democrat.*]

"Pretty nearly time to go home, aint it?" said one Ninth Warder to another, as the two stood at the four corners waiting for the last car.

"Well, I guess it is, though I have already been to bed to-night," replied No. 2.

"How is that, do you say?"

"Well, for years I have been troubled with insomnia, and I used to take quantities of morphine to invite sleep, but that lost its virtue. Then I tried dumb-bells and Indian clubs and other violent exercise, but as I had Aldermanic ambition I was afraid I would hurt my chances, and so one night I hit upon a substitute that never fails—riding on the street cars. Before I can get to sleep at night I ride a bob-tail to the four corners and back as regularly as I used to take morphine. Sometimes I find it necessary to take two, and I have taken as many as three trips, but usually 10 cents' worth of street car pulls me in such a condition that I fall asleep as soon as I strike the bed. The only time it has failed me was the Saturday night before it was announced street cars would be ordered off Sunday to comply with Sunday laws. Then I supposed I worried at the thought of returning to Indian clubs.

"No, sir; for suicidal purposes I suppose morphine has its friends, but as a cure for insomnia give me the bob-tail car."

His Fun Was Spoiled.

[*From the Monticello (Ga.) News.*]

The richest thing we have heard lately was concerning a certain Monticello gent who attended a mask party and during the evening had a gay time with a certain young lady. Before separating, however, he made a request that she remove her mask, and lo and behold, it was his sister.

It Is Still There.

[*From the Binghamton Republican.*]

An exchange excitedly asks: "Will Grevy stick?" It will, brother. If you don't believe it try to get that Thanksgiving spot off your shirt front.

The sun Will Set

without your help. But pain will continue unless you use WOLCOTT'S PAIN PAINT. Sold by all druggists. ".

SAD TIMES AHEAD FOR THEM.

FIVE THOUSAND LABORERS IDLE AND WITH LITTLE HOPE OF WORK.

Widespread Distress Likely to Follow the Stoppage of the Subway Work—Most of the Men Had Families and Could Not Save on $1.50 a Day—The Poorhouse the Refuge of Some—Fully 12,000 Suffer.

Five thousand hardworking men are idle to-day in this city because of the closing of the Subway work.

The order of Gen. Newton closing up the trenches and thus throwing out of employment 5,000 laborers and skilled workmen at the beginning of winter has caused a great deal of indignation and is likely to cause a greater amount of distress to the common laborers and their families. Just what these poor men will do they cannot tell themselves, but one of them, a hardworking Irishman, put the case thus:

"Go to the poorhouse, I guess, or break a window and get sent up to the Island for the rest of the winter."

The work was nearly all closed last night, and the little that remains to be done will be finished before this day closes.

All efforts to get Gen. Newton to modify his order or revoke it entirely proved futile, and not even the influence of all the interested persons and the Mayor availed a particle.

Of the 5,145 men engaged on the Subway fully 4,000 were common laborers. Men with families were engaged in preference to single men, a fact which now makes the distress all the greater and more widespread in its effects. Fully 12,000 persons are affected by the stopping of work, and as the large majority of the men were dependent on their daily labor for support their sudden discharge will, in many cases, leave families without the actual necessities of life unless relief is given in some form.

Robert R. Berwick, superintendent of the work for Contractor Crimmins, said to a WORLD reporter:

"I have been engaged on public works nearly all my life and have been employed as an inspector of them both in this city and Brooklyn, and I cannot see any good reason for closing the Subway work at this time. We could have prosecuted the work and prevented any freezing of water and gas pipes by taking proper precautions. Why, I have just closed up the excavation in Stone street, where it was all ready for the pipe, and in a little while we would have made our connections with the trunk line up town. The weather we have been having lately is just right for our work.

"In the summer it was said that the emanations from the excavations were detrimental to the public health, and now when there is just frost and cold air enough to kill all poisonous exhalations from the trenches we are compelled to shut down and 5,000 men are thus deprived of a means of earning a livelihood at a season when they cannot find employment elsewhere.

"There is but one sentiment among the men, and that is one of indignation over the order from Gen. Newton. Now everything is stopped, and we must wait until spring before one can resume again.

"We employed on the work men of nearly all nationalities, the skilled workmen being mostly Americans. Bricklayers received $4.50 a day and double time for nights and Sundays. They will not be distressed any, because they can secure work elsewhere.

"Pipemen got $2 and $2.50 a day, and laborers $1.50 and $1.75, and time and a half for nights and Sundays. We began to work July 1 last.

"Nearly all our men live in the city and a few in Brooklyn. I made it a point to engage married men, and I tell you I have had them come to me and say: 'Mr. Berwick, for God's sake, what are we going to do? We are dependent upon our daily labor for the support of ourselves and families. Can't something be done to have the order revoked?' I told them it was useless; that Gen. Newton would not yield."

THE WORLD reporter talked with a number of the men who were engaged in closing up the trenches in Stone street and Broadway, with a view of ascertaining how the stoppage of the work affected them.

John Keefe, a laborer, said: "I am forty-nine years old, and live at 49 Washington street with my wife, in two rooms on the third floor. I don't know what I'll do; go to the poorhouse, I guess, or break a window and get sent up on the Island for the winter. Wet days have set me back, and I have not saved a cent. It will be hard to find another job at this time of the year."

Philip Geery, of 325 West Seventeenth street, said: "I have a wife and three children, and we live in three small rooms, for which we pay $10 a month. Two of my daughters work and earn small wages, and we just manage to get along when I am at work. I don't know what I shall do this winter, for I am afraid I can't get another job, there are so many men out of work. I think we could have gone on with the Subway work without injury to any one. I got $1.50 a day."

Michael Moriarity, of 12½ Morris street, said: "I live in two rooms with my wife, who is disabled and cannot work. This is my first week on the Subway work. I had been laid up for a long time with rheumatism and became very poor. I pay $9 a month for my rooms, which are on the second floor. I do not know what will become of my wife and me, for I do not know where to look for another job. A dollar and a half a day was what I got."

Peter Riley, of 4 Albany street, said: "I am sixty years old and have a wife and three children to care for, one, a boy, who cannot help us. The loss of this job will make a sorry Christmas for me and mine. I couldn't save anything out on $1.50 a day."

Michael Kerin, an intelligent Irishman who lately came from the County Clare, said he lived at 117 Washington street, and he had a family in Ireland. He went to work on the Subways under the impression that it was an all-winter job, at $1.50 a day. He pays $5 a week for his board.

Other laborers gave similar reports to the above about their poverty and the poor prospect of getting work during the remainder of the winter.

Fort Buford Has the Worst of It.

The young man on top of the Equitable Building who runs the weather said this morning that warm weather was coming. "This wave," said he, "started in the Northwest a week ago, travelled south, visited New York, and is now on its way to Maine and Nova Scotia. At 6 A. M. to-day the mercury registered 12 degrees above zero, and at 7 o'clock it stood at 14 degrees. In Boston at 7 it was 8 degrees, in Philadelphia 16 and in Chicago 28. The coldest spot in the country to-day is Fort Buford, where the mercury marks 18 degrees below zero. In the East the coldest place is Northfield, Vt., where 4 degrees below is the registry. The weather is clear east of the Mississippi. It is snowing out West and raining down South. A year ago to-day the thermometer marked as 1-10 degrees at 7 A. M. To-morrow the mercury will probably remain above freezing point."

BOSSLETS AWAITING ORDERS.

Republican Jealousies Interfere with Boss Platt's Plans.

The New York City home of ex-Senator Thomas C. Platt, is at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. Senator Hiscock always stops at the same hotel. He arrived there last Tuesday evening and will not leave for Washington before to-morrow night.

Whenever Senator Hiscock is at the Fifth Avenue Hotel he spends the evening with Boss Platt and is seldom seen in the corridors after 8 P. M.

It has also been noted that as soon as Senator Hiscock arrives in the city a host of Republican statesmen from the rural districts arrive too. For instance, the following distinguished statesmen are now registered at uptown hotels: Senator Raines, Senator Vedder, Senator Coggeshall and Assemblyman Fremont Cole, candidate for Speaker, and ex-Assemblymen James Manville, defeated for Senator in the Rensselaer district, Senator-elect Erwin and several other legislative pilgrims are expected to-day.

Hiscock and Platt deny that a formal conference is being held. That is perhaps true, Boss Platt usually confers with himself and then gives the orders to the bosslets. He hears the views of the bosslets and then retires to his room to decide upon a programme. He is now fixing up his slate for the organization of the next Legislature, and Senator Hiscock is assisting him.

Boss Platt is very much troubled about the Senate. He wishes to retain his grip, but finds that there are jealousies and dissensions among his own followers who have been re-elected. Senators Fassett and Low are both candidates for President pro tem., and neither will get out of the race. Ex-Senator Warner Miller and his friends are preparing to renew their warfare against Platt and Plattism and a large majority of the Republican voters of the State are disgusted with the Boss, and are ready to revolt against the Senators and Assemblymen who will bend their backs to his lash.

Many Republican politicians think that Boss Platt will have a hard time of it in controlling the next Legislature.

GOOD-BY, BLOSSOM CLUB.

The Red Flag Flying, and the Books, Furniture and Bric-a-Brac Auctioned Off.

"Going, going, last call," and Auctioneer Van Tassel's lungs were kept busy from 10.30 A. M. till 2 P. M. to-day shouting this refrain at the Blossom Club, 12 East Twenty-third street. This ancient political-social club has dissolved and it was decided to auction off the furniture and bric-a-brac.

Among the members who were present to watch the flapping of the red flag were Edward Kearney, James W. Boyle, Abraham Bernhard, Police Commissioner French and ex-Register Docharty.

The articles that were sold included, of course, a sideboard, a piano, easy armchairs, an ice-box, stock of liquors, billiard tables and parlor furniture and mantelpiece ornaments. Several round tables, covered with green velvet, with silver-mounted slits, were purchased by strangers.

Mr. James W. Boyle bought a large oyster-shell mounted with silver and studded with small diamonds. It was a mantelpiece ornament. He will present it to James J. Kelso, ex-Superintendent of Police, for a scarf-pin.

The Library comprised 500 volumes. The books which had the appearance of never having been opened were sold for a mere song. The large bible was bought by Abraham Bernhard, city marshal, for $1.10. The officers of the New Amsterdam Club bid in most of the furniture. A soft and capacious lounge was knocked down to the New Amsterdam Club for the special use of Tom Costigan. The sale netted about $2,600.

HARMONIOUS PROHIBITIONISTS.

Gen. Clinton B. Fisk Probably the Next Cold-Water Candidate for President.

[SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.]

CHICAGO, Dec. 1.—The Prohibition Conference assembled promptly this morning under the new Chairman, Samuel A. Dickey, Professor of Mathematics in Albion College, of Michigan, who was elected to fill the vacancy caused by the death of the late Jno. B. Finch. His duties as Chairman will require his retirement from the college, and, in view of that fact, his salary was placed at $3,000 per annum. The headquarters will be kept in Chicago.

Gen. Clinton B. Fisk will probably be the next candidate of the party for President. A memorial meeting was held last night in honor of Mr. Finch, some three hundred being present. Frances E. Willard was the leading speaker.

A great conference will be held to-day and a mass-meeting this evening. The meeting is very harmonious. To-day's session will be devoted to the reading of papers on set topics and their discussion. There is much interest in the meeting.

Getting New Agreements Ready.

The Executive Board of District Assembly No. 75 is preparing the terms of the agreements to be made with the various street railway companies of this city and Brooklyn for less, and it is expected that the companies will all sign them. Some complaints are made against minor lines in both cities, and the Board will simply insist that these comply with the ten-hour law or take the consequences imposed by the new statute.

Puzzled by a Classification Problem.

A curious controversy agitates the Painters' unions and the Paper-Hangers's Union at present. The material known as Lincrusta-Walton is laid on by paper-hangers, and painters work over it with brushes. The debatable question is presented—Is it paper-hanging or painting? It will probably be submitted to the Central Labor Union for settlement.

What Became of the Labor Vote.

The County General Committee of the United Labor Party will meet to-night in Clarendon Hall. A very lively time is expected over the question, "What became of the Labor vote in the last election?"

Tips From "The World's" Ticker.

The sales of stock up to noon aggregated 164,800 shares.

The new directory of the Stock Exchange has been published.

The stock market opened weak, owing to lower quotations from London.

The bulls were not dismayed, however, and took up all the stocks offered.

The question of the Denver Railroad dividend, which was to have been settled to-day, has been postponed.

The tone of the market was comparatively bullish and the prices soon improved under the pressure of sales.

It is said that the bonds of the Denison, Bonham & New Orleans Railroad will be placed on the market this month, though to what amount is not known.

The report of the transactions of the Stock Exchange for the month of November show a decrease of 4,184,553 shares of stock as compared with the same month last year, the total sale being only 6,982,368. There was also a decrease in Government and State and railroad bonds.

HOME AND CHATTELS BURNED.

ONE CHILD'S LIFE LOST IN AN EARLY MORNING TENEMENT FIRE.

Little Joe Jacobs Overlooked in the Confusion of a Hurried Escape—Tenants in Their Night-Garments Shivering in West Forty-Third Street—Hardly Anything Saved Except the Building.

Fire was discovered in the five-story brick tenement house 315 West Forty-third street shortly before 5 o'clock this morning, and in the panic that followed little Joseph Jacobs, the five-year-old son of Abraham Jacobs, was burned to death.

The house is a double building and contained about ten families. Samuel Simmons, his wife and three children occupied the first floor, west, and it was in his rooms that the fire started. The strong wind carried the sparks through the elevator shaftway, igniting the tinder-like landings, and in less than ten minutes the house from cellar to roof was beyond the help of the Fire Department.

What caused the fire no one knows definitely. Mrs. John Fleury, who lives on the second floor, directly over the Simmons', says that she was awakened about 4.45 o'clock by an explosion, and in less than five minutes smoke began to pur into her rooms. Her husband rushed into the hallway, but was driven back by flames.

A second attempt was unsuccessful, and helping his wife and family through the narrow passageway, with nothing on, save their night-clothes, he rushed to the nearest box and gave the alarm.

In short order the firemen were on hand. In the mean time Mr. Fleury and a policeman had awakened the inmates, who, terror-stricken and almost naked, clambered down the fire-escapes in the rear.

Some in their fright rushed to the roof and ran across to neighboring houses, while others in their haste to escape the flames jumped from second-story windows, fortunately escaping unharmed.

Abraham Jacobs occupied apartments on the third floor, west, and he was awakened by the confusion and smoke. He awoke his wife and five children, and without making any attempt to save personal effects started down stairs.

Little Joe Jacobs, the youngest child, was terrified, and in the excitement was left behind. His father and mother each thought the other had care of the little fellow. In the confusion they were separated, and when at last they met and inquired for the children it was found poor Joe was missing.

An immediate search was made and his charred remains were found in the wreck in the little bedroom. The parents became almost distracted with grief.

Nothing in the nature of personal effects was saved, and as few, if any, of the families were insured, they literally lose their homes and clothing.

For an hour the thinly clad, unfortunate tenants wandered about, though friends on every hand offered them shelter and clothes.

It is said that Simmons's servant is a green girl, and in her hurry to make the morning fire used kerosene to precipitate matters.

The interior of the building is a total wreck, barely the floors remaining. The loss is estimated at $20,000. The building is owned by Denis Smith, of 103 East Thirteenth street.

The houses on each side are damaged by water on every landing save the first, and many tenants will suffer serious loss from this cause.

AN ACTRESS TO LOSE HER FOOT.

Amputation To Be Performed On Mrs. Wetherell This Afternoon.

Mrs. Nellie Wetherell, the actress, whose foot is to amputated this afternoon, was reported very comfortable to-day. Although the operation is not unattended with danger, it is thought that Mrs. Wetherell will be brought safely through it. It will be a very long time before she is able to work again, if she does recover. The operation will take place at about 3 o'clock, and will come under the care of Dr. Weir's clinic. It is technically known as amputation epithilioma of foot. The leg will be cut between the ankle and the knee joint. Several actresses are still interesting themselves on Mrs. Wetherell's behalf, and she needs help greatly, as her savings have been exhausted.

Her California Trip Stopped.

Mary Lehan, a servant employed by Mrs. Loft, of No. 32 Chestnut avenue, Jersey City, disappeared on Friday night, and so did $100 of Mrs. Loft's money. Detective McNally traced her to the Catholic Protectory at Orange, where her sister is detained, and was told that Mary had gone to California. She had left a bundle, and in this the detective found a card of the Continental Hotel, Newark. He went there last night and caught Mary as she was leaving the railway depot with a ticket for Oakland, Cal. Justice Wanser committed her for trial this morning.

Working on the Ives and Stayner Case.

Lawyer Charles W. Cass had another consultation with Assistant District-Attorney Davis to-day regarding the formulation of the information to be laid before the police magistrates for the arrest of Ives and Stayner. Mr. Davis says that the work of examining into the details of these gentlemen's alleged criminal transactions in connection with the issue of securities of the Mineral Range Railroad Company, has been almost as tedious as that in the case of Ferdinand Ward, which was also prepared by Mr. Davis.

Did Herman Poetzsch Commit Suicide?

Coroner Lindsay will to-day hold an inquest into the case of Herman Poetzsch, the wealthy German butcher, of Brooklyn, who was found dead in his bed yesterday morning with three stab wounds in his left side. As yet there is nothing new in the case. The prevailing opinion this morning is that he committed suicide.

Windsor Hotel, St. Paul, Afire.

[SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.]

ST. PAUL, Minn., Dec. 1.—The Windsor Hotel, one of the finest hostelries in the city, is on fire and, it is feared, will be destroyed.

Brooklyn News at a Glance.

John Luter, the man who fell from the elevated railroad structure corner Washington and Fulton streets yesterday afternoon, died in the City Hospital late last night from a fractured skull.

A fair, the proceeds of which are to go to the Mariners' Home in Brooklyn, will be opened in the Johnson Building lodge rooms this afternoon. The fair is under the auspices of the ladies of St. James Church.

Henry McBride, age thirty-four years, while at work on steamship Thames, lying at Erie Basin, fell into the lower hold this morning. He was seriously injured. He was removed to the Long Island College Hospital.

The corridors of the Brooklyn Police Headquarters presented an animated scene this morning. A line of taxpayers, five abreast, have been standing there all the morning waiting to pay their taxes for the coming year. The tax levy this year amounts to $10,656,961. This is a rate of $27.39 on $1,000.

Charles Ashfield, fifty-eight years old, of 142 Huntington street, and Dennis Cullehen, aged forty-nine years, of 150 Nelson street, while at work on a scaffolding on pier 9, Erie Basin, this morning, fell to the ground. Ashfield received a contusion of the head and Callahan a fracture of his right leg.

KING FROST ARRIVES ON TIME.

JOHNNIE HOLLINGSHEAD'S SHORTAGE.

His Friends Will Pay the Amount—Prominent in Social and Sporting Circles.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 30.—The defalcation of Johnnie Hollingshead, who has been a clerk in the office of the Washington Gaslight Company for some time past, has made quite a sensation in the city. Investigation by the company develops the fact that he has taken money from time to time, the amount being something over $1,000.

Hollingshead's family is well known and highly respected and the young man has occupied quite a prominent position in society here. Out of consideration for his relatives and friends, President McIlhenny, of the gas company, has made an effort to keep the matter secret. He refuses to make any statement with regard to the amount involved.

It is said that Hoslingshead's friends have offered to make good the missing funds and that the company will not prosecute.

"Johnnie" is widely known in baseball and sporting circles as the manager of the old American Association ball team of this city. At one time he held an important position in the Internal Revenue service.

HANGING TO A WINDOW SILL.

Jockey James Dorwood Drinks Too Much and Thought He Was Pursued.

[SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.]

CHICAGO, Dec. 1.—A man was discovered at 5.30 this morning hanging by his hands to the sill of a fourth-story window of the Congress Hotel here.

A crowd quickly gathered, and a policeman, finding the door locked, leaned out of an adjoining window and called to the man to hold on and he would break in the door. "If you touch that door I'll jump," said the man, in a Scotch accent.

A hook-and-ladder outfit pumping canvas was soon on the spot, and after a fierce fight the lunatic, for such he proved, was taken down. He is James Dorwood, the famous jockey. He had been drinking heavily and thought he was pursued by murderers.

MOST PESSIMISTICALLY CHEERFUL.

The Anarchist Chief Undisturbed by Rats and Confident of Success on Appeal.

Anarchist Most was pessimistically cheerful in cell 126, Tombs, this morning, when he greeted Mr. Moss, of Howe & Hummell's office, and talked over the details of his proposed appeal. He had no complaint to make regarding rats and, judging from his appearance, the presence of rodents in his cell had not affected his slumbers.

Mr. Moss said that Most felt confident of success on appeal, but this is hardly consistent with the imprisoned man's declaration of pessimistic opinions.

An Anarchist of the Superlative Degree.

[SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.]

TOLEDO, O., Dec. 1.—A German, supposed to be John Schwartz, has been arrested at Lima. He raves continually of the Anarchists, and says that he will make it hot for Gov. Oglesby, and "that all men who have blood on their hands will have trouble." Before his arrest he was engaged in a vain search for President Cleveland. He threatened to kill the Chief Magistrate before he was locked up in the President wouldn't give up his crown and come down from his throne.

A Bad Northeaster on Cape Cod.

[SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.]

SANDWICH, MASS., Dec. 1.—A northeasterly gale prevailed over Cape Cod since last night, accompanied by more or less snow. A large barque is reported ashore off East Sandwich, and on account of the blinding storm she can only be seen at intervals. She lies in a bad place and will go to pieces if the wind continues.

Railroad Coal Operators Kicking.

[SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.]

PITTSBURG, Dec. 1.—The railroad coal operators of the Pittsburg District who have paid the advance, as provided by the Columbus scale, have begun to object vigorously. Some of them have notified their miners that the advance will not be paid unless the rate is made uniform and every operator placed on the same basis.

Killed by a Barbed-Wire Fence.

[SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.]

MINNEAPOLIS, Dec. 1. — The seven-year-old daughter of Henry Kendall, of Rochester, Minn., fell against a barb-wire fence this morning. It penetrated her brain, killing her instantly.

Predictions of Warmer Weather.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 1.—*Indications for the twenty-four hours commencing at 3 P. M. to-day: For Connecticut, colder, followed by warmer weather, fresh to brisk northerly winds, becoming light to fresh and variable.*

For Eastern New York, warmer fair weather, light to fresh variable winds, generally southerly, preceded in southeastern New York by brisk northeasterly winds.

SHARP FREE ONCE MORE.

RELEASED ON $40,000 BAIL FURNISHED BY TWO SECURITIES.

The Old Man Outside Ludlow Street Jail for the First Time Since July—He Meets Deacon Richardson While Awaiting Release—To Remain at His Home Here Until Strong Enough to Go to His Farm.

Jacob Sharp breathes the air of freedom to-day. He was admitted to bail in $40,000 by Justice Barrett at noon.

At 10.10 o'clock this morning Deputy Sheriff Kaufman went to Ludlow Street Jail and served upon Warden J. P. Keating an order from Sheriff Grant, signed by Under Sheriff J. B. Sexton, which read: "Take Jacob Sharp to the Supreme Court, Chambers, at 10.30 o'clock."

Sharp had passed the night in restlessness, as usual, and had but just turned away from his frugal breakfast. He had not shown the slightest interest in his case, except that he was more wakeful yesterday, and this morning he seemed expectant at times.

Warden Keating went to Sharp's room and told him of the order and that he must prepare to move. Mrs. Sharp, the faithful slave of the old man, dressed him with more enthusiasm than at any time these five months, and with a cane in either hand Mr. Sharp essayed to leave his room. It was found that he needed help and Warden Keating, whose sympathy has been touched by the feeble condition of his prisoner, supported him on one side and Deputy Sheriff Kaufman on the other, down the jail steps and to a carriage which was in waiting. Sharp wore a suit of sheep's gray, much faded and almost threadbare. Over this was a rich chinchilla overcoat, and on his shoulders was thrown a seal-brown travelling shawl, bordered with a red and gray stripe. A silk hat with a deep black band completed his dress.

His progress to the carriage was a pitiful sight, for it was evident that he was too feeble to sustain himself. George Sharp, his grandson, put in an appearance at this moment and took a seat on the box. He was the custodian of a valise containing necessaries to be used in case Mr. Sharp was taken suddenly ill. Mrs. Sharp brought this out to her grandson. This was the first time Sharp had been out of the jail since his sentence on July 14 last.

The carriage was driven rapidly to the Court-House which Tweed's men made to cost the city nearly $15,000,000, and then the old man was half carried into the office of Sheriff Grant. He was given a seat in Mr. Sexton's room, and found there his other grandson, who is manager of his farm at Rome.

Sharp was very much exhausted, and his face wore the flush of excitement. Deacon Richardson was there to offer himself as a bondsman for Sharp, and the two old men chatted together pleasantly. Sharp grew interested, actually smiled and his eyes brightened somewhat.

To look at Sharp as he sat in his chair, one would not think of him as a sick man. He is an old man to be sure, but he looks like a hale and hearty old man.

While all this was going on, Sharp's indefatigable counsel, Congressman W. Bourke Cockran, was at the office of District-Attorney Martine. He was accompanied by John H. Selines, Sharp's son-in-law, J. H. McLean, Secretary of the Twenty-third Street Railway, who was a witness in Sharp's trial, Lawyer William Hildredth Field, George Shepherd and Isaac Hendrix, who were owners of the Broadway stage line, which went out of existence when Sharp's railway began operations. They were then to offer bonds for Jacob Sharp's apperance when he was required.

Charles W. Brooke and ex-Judge William Fullerton, counsel for John O'Neil, dropped into the office. Inspector Thomas Byrnes came in. John B. Toner was there to see Mr. Nicoll about McQuade's appeal. There was bustle in the place and everybody had a secret.

Presently William H. Clark, Mr. Cockran's partner, came in with an order signed by Justice Barrett, in Supreme Court, Chambers, making the judgment of the Court of Appeals the judgment of this court, and then Bail Clerk William H. Penny drew up a bail bond and George Shepherd, who resides at 322 West Twenty-second street, and Isaac Hendrix, of 319 West Thirty-fourth street, signed it.

Mr. Cockran and District-Attorney Martine had agreed that Sharp should give $40,000 bail, and these sureties justified in that amount, each becoming responsible in the sum of $20,000.

At 12.07 o'clock Jacob Sharp was taken before Justice Barrett and formally discharged. He was carried down stairs, placed in the carriage again and driven to his home in West Twenty-third street, where Mrs. Sharp awaited him, for she went to their home immediately after her husband left Ludlow Street Jail.

Mr. Sharp's son-in-law, Mr. Selmes, said that the old man would remain at his house until he could gather strength enough to stand the jaunt to his country place, near Rome. Now he is too feeble to make the trip.

Ebert Cheating the Gallows.

Henry Ebert, who, it is believed, killed his wife and shot himself at their home on Paterson street, Jersey City, is sinking at the City Hospital this morning. It was believed yesterday that he would recover. The detectives have discovered that he bought the pistol with which the shooting was done at 9 o'clock Sunday afternoon. He then went directly to the house where his wife was staying, 59 East One Hundred and Eighth street, New York, and took her to Jersey City. An hour later the shooting occurred